And baſtards of his foule adulterate heart.
And long upon theſe termes I held my Citty,
Till thus he gan beſſege me: Gentle maide,
Have of my ſuffering youth ſome feeling pitty,
And be not of my holy vowes afraid,
Thats to yee ſworne to none was ever ſaid,
For feaſts of love I have beene call'd unto
Till now, did nere invite nor never vow,
All my offences that abroad you ſee
Are errors of the blood none of the minde:
Love made them not, with acture they may be,
VVhere neither party is nor true nor kinde,
They ſought their ſhame that ſo their ſhame did finde;
And ſo much leſſe of ſhame in me remaines,
By how much of me their reproach containes.
Among the many that mine eyes have ſeene,
Not one whoſe flame my heart ſomuch as warmed,
Or my affection put toth' ſmalleſt teene,
Or any of my leaſures ever Charmed,
Harme have I done to them but nere was harm'd:
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine owne was free,
And raign'd commanding in his Monarchy.
Looke here what tributes wounded fancies ſent me,
Of palid pearles, and rubies red as blood:
Figuring that they their paſſions likewiſe lent me
Of griefe and bluſhes, aptly underſtood
In bloodleſſe white, and the encrimſon'd mood,
Effects of terror and deare modeſty,
Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.
And loe behold theſe talents of their haire,
VVith twiſted mettle amorouſly empleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a ſeverall faire,

Their

Their kinde acceptance, weepingly beſeec
With th'annexions of faire gems inrich'd,
And deepe brain'd ſonnets that did amplif
Eeach ſtones deare Nature, worth and qu
The Diamond? why, 'twas beautifull and
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend,
The deepe greene Emrald, in whoſe freſh
Weake ſights their ſickly radience doe amer
The heaven hew'd Saphyr and the Opall bl
With objects manifold; each ſeverall ſtone,
With wit well blazon'd, ſmil'd, or made ſo
Loe all theſe trophies of affections hot,
Of penſiv'd and ſubdu'd deſires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoor'd then
But yeeld them up where I my ſelfe muſt re
That is to you my origin and ender:
For theſe of force muſt your oblations be,
Since I their Altar, you enpatrone me.
Oh then advance (of yours) that phraſeleſ
Whoſe white weighes downe the airy ſcale o
Take all theſe ſimilies to your owne comma
Hollowed with ſighes that burning lungs di
What me your miniſter? for you obayes,
Workes under you, and to your audit comes,
Their diſtract parcells, incombined ſumme
Loe this device was ſent me from a Nun,
Or Siſter ſanctified of holieſt note,
Which late her noble ſuit in court did ſhun,
Whoſe rareſt havings made the bloſſomes dot
For ſhe was ſought by ſpirits of richeſt cote,
But kept cold diſtance, and did thence remov
To ſpend her living in eternall love.

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